

THE WORLD.

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MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 23.
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THE CIRCULATION OF THE
EVENING EDITION
OF
THE WORLD

For the week ending Saturday, April 21, was
as follows:

MONDAY.....	96,200
TUESDAY.....	100,680
WEDNESDAY.....	106,580
THURSDAY.....	106,800
FRIDAY.....	103,300
SATURDAY.....	100,920

Average for the entire
Month of March.....106,201

THE EVENING WORLD has a
larger circulation than any Evening
paper printed in English and is not
afraid to publish its figures or open
its books to the public.

MORE RECORD-BREAKING.
Yesterday's SUNDAY WORLD broke all re-
cords in the number of advertisements that it
printed.

No newspaper ever before contained 5,996
Want advertisements—but 34 short of 6,000.
Six full columns of people marched to The
World's offices to make known their wants
to the grand army of nearly 300,000 buyers
and 1,000,000 readers.

The World's "want" columns are to the
people what the Post-Office and telegraph are
to the public as a medium of communication.

THE CARNEGIE TROUBLE.
It is not an example of "Triumphant
Democracy" that ANDREW CARNEGIE is giv-
ing in starting his steel mills under the
menace of an armed band of hired murder-
ers.

The terms which he seeks to impose on his
men, though fair in the main, are unbearable
in their exaction of twelve hours' labor each
day. To make a parade of philanthropy for
the workmen—reading-rooms and the
like—while grinding the life out of them in
such slavery as this, is to give a stone to men
who ask for bread.

It is not agreeable to see the author of
"Triumphant Democracy" adopting the
methods of a plutocratic monopolist.

GROUNDLESS CONCERN.
Our esteemed neighbor, the Tribune, is un-
necessarily shaken up in its mind at the prospect
of a new World Building on the site
bought for that purpose.

The structure, while it will undoubtedly
be imposing, will not do more than the
Potter Building has already done, or than
the reconstructed Times Building will do, to
divide with the "Tall Tower" the archi-
tectural glories of Park row.

Besides, so much of THE WORLD Building
will be required for its own use that it will
really not interfere greatly with the Tribune
as a renter of offices.

How much better it is for brethren to
dwell together in harmony, each contributing
his utmost to the beauty and the renown of
the metropolis.

NOW WE SHALL KNOW.
The women of Hackensack, N. J., are to
send a petition direct to Mrs. CLEVELAND,
asking the President's wife to use her influ-
ence to secure the reinstatement of Mrs.
BERRY as Postmistress of that ancient town.
The charming mistress of the White House
has no hitherto concerned herself about the
affairs, but if the women of Hackensack can
enlist her in their cause we shall find out
pretty quick who is the greatest power be-
hind the throne—and we don't believe it will
turn out to be DON DICKINSON.

Boston celebrates the return of SULLIVAN
with fireworks and fireworks, and a grand
pow-wow generally, although he comes back
with his comb cut and his feathers pretty
well plucked. What would the "seat of cul-
ture" have done had JOHN L. DISPOSED OF
"LITTLE MITCHELL"?

The Southern girl who eloped with her
lover on a mule, dressed in boy's clothes and
riding boy fashion, must have been "bound
and determined" to marry that particular
young man. Even pride and fear will give
way to love.

It would have been a sorry satire on labor
organizations had the Knights taken the side
of the beer-pot bosses in the present con-
troversy. Workmen must stand together or
they will be oppressed separately.

People who fancy that Gov. HILL is the
sort of man to write letters that he need fear
to have published to the world evidently
don't know the man.

The best rebuke of the steel-mill strikers
to Mr. CARNEGIE's employment of PRINCE-
STON'S Hessians is to show by their peaceful
conduct that no resort to violence has been
thought of.

The doctors appear to be very proud of
their success in prolonging Emperor FAN-
JONK's misery.

JUSTICE TALKS TO ANN O'DELIA.

Ann O'Delia Dies Debar,
From me escape you need not hope;
Too long have you plotted your wicked art;
And now in dungeon you must moan.
At me you sneered, nor justice feared;
You thought to evade without let.
Thou daughter, claiming mother's name,
I think it well that we have met.

Ann O'Delia Dies Debar,
Thy professed power o'er spirits dead
A ghost unwelcome has called forth
From misty regions of the dead.
Why do you shrink? Dare you not think
Of that old man and how he died?
Oh, wife enmeshed that thou art
Ghosts of thy past you vain would hide.

Ann O'Delia Dies Debar,
There stands a spectre at your side;
Not once a dozen feet about
Concealment you in vain have tried.
Unlike the shade—your stock in trade—
Who Mr. Marsh's pictures made,
They're not subservient to your will,
And surely will not die, jade.

I know you, Mrs. Dies Debar;
Your weight will not avail you now;
No; though you could the balance turn
At twenty hundred, still, I trow,
Your past misdeeds my balance needs
Must turn against you, and your lot
Tast of your fellow criminals be.
The prison or—the hangman's knot.

W. H. O.

MONDAY'S MARKET.

Valencia oranges, 30 cents.
Crawfish, \$3.50 per hundred.
Best butter, 15 cents a pound.
Hatchfish, 3 to 6 cents a bunch.
California grapes, 15 cents each.
Hot-house of Cuban cantaloupe, 50 cents a dozen.
Mangoes from the West Indies, 50 cents a dozen.
Tomatoes, 30 cents a quart; hot-house, 50 cents a pound.

SHIELD AND CLUB.

Capt. Clinchy is laboring with Mr. Voorhis to
have his station-house repaired.

Sergeant Dahlgren is a hero of three separate wars
in this country and Europe, and is full of incidents.
Commissioner Voorhis rejected many designs for
the new Hospital. He was assisted to a con-
clusion by Chief Inspector Byrnes, Supt. Murray
and Inspector Stiers.

Inspector Williams's new yacht is nearing com-
pletion at Connelly's ship-yard, Greenpoint. It
will be a thing of beauty and rare comfort. Dr.
Cyrus Edson is anxious for a race.

POPULAR JERSEY CITYTIES.

Court Interpreter Al Hoffman is an old journal-
ist.

Ex-Mayor Henry J. Hopper takes little interest
in politics and is a hard worker.

Frank O. Cole, the druggist, was once Depart-
ment Commissioner of the U. S. A. H. of New Jersey.

Register George Fielder is known everywhere by
his light carriage. He is as straight as a stick.
Capt. Jack Smith, of the Fifth Precinct police,
wears a badge which is studded with five great di-
amonds.

Counselor James Fleming owns a pointer dog
with which he would not part for hundreds of
dollars.

BY WAY OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Willard Tyrell, like all great bodies, moves
slowly.

Ned Franklin has had the part cut out of his
whiskers.

Dan Hawkins's engagement is announced and he
pretends to be happy.

E. C. Wilson, smiling as usual, is waiting for the
ice cream season to begin.

W. P. K. Schliatter, Brooklyn's veteran drug
dispenser, has donated his June suit.

No matter what part of the city you are in there
is Harry Jeffrey focusing his camera.

Ed M. Clarke is waiting anxiously for the "L. L."
Ed has been known to walk three blocks in order
to ride two.

Lawyer James T. Magee intends going South
this week on legal business. He will probably call
on Danphila in New Orleans.

WORLDLINGS.

Judge Gresham carries five bullets in his body to
remind him of the war. He has a slight limp as a
result of a musket ball that struck him in the leg
just below the knee during the fighting around
Atlanta.

A case-knife was found imbedded in the heart of
a tree that was recently felled in West Union town-
ship near Winchester, O. The rings of wood in
the tree show that it is at least sixty years old, and
it is probable that the knife was stuck into it when
it was a sapling.

A lady in La Grange, Ga., wrote to Thomas A.
Edison requesting him to invent an ear-trumpet
that would enable her husband to hear. The wife
and in reply wrote the lady to wait just a few
months and that husband of hers would think he
heard the stars falling.

A little boy named Hammer living in Bellairs,
O., ate twelve hard-boiled eggs on Easter Sunday,
and a few days ago he was buried. Jim Jordan, a
young darkey in John H. Keith's employ, at Grif-
fin, Ga., ate twenty-four bananas at a sitting last
week, but so far as heard from is still alive.

Capt. Samuel Beall, of Lumpkin, Ga., started in
to dig a pit in the cellar of his residence the other
day and unearthed 107 bars of lead, each weighing
fifteen ounces. The house is built on the ruins of
an old fort that was erected as a defense against
the Indians in 1855, and it is supposed that the lead
was intended for bullets.

A Hollolaggy,
[From Judge.]

The Southern girl who eloped with her
lover on a mule, dressed in boy's clothes and
riding boy fashion, must have been "bound
and determined" to marry that particular
young man. Even pride and fear will give
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thought of.

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their success in prolonging Emperor FAN-
JONK's misery.

Uncle Bethuel (on his first city visit)—What
a tarantula foot I was for out five cents for a
ticket. Might just as well a gone down inter-
street 'n' waited ter ketch one when it come
through.

Notes of Interest.
Among the prominent Merchant Tailors in the lower
part of the city some outbreak in years of service and
practical experience LOUIS A. GRANA, 136 Chambers st.,
whose commandments well-remembered by a few
twenty years enjoyed the patronage of business men of
the city. For forty years Mr. Grana has been
identified with the tailoring trade, increasing his ac-
quisition, until to-day he is as well known as any
Merchant Tailor in the city. Handling fine cloth goods
at reasonable prices, the garments made here show fine
workmanship, elegance and neatness of fit. In addition
to his custom trade the downtown depot of Dr. JAGGER'S
PANTALIN WOODS. UNDERWEAR is managed by Mr.
GRANA, the firm to introduce to this country these
famous goods. An advocate of genuine woolsens for
men's wear, Mr. Grana handles only selected meas-
ures. His patrons of many years, aware of this fact,
prove their appreciation of his work by the fact of
continuing to deal with this house of well-known identity.
Employed during November are shown by
GRANA.

FIRE HEROES;

OR,
The Roll of Merit.

By
Chas. O. Gray

Chief of the Fire Department.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

THE Fire Department
of New York City is
organized and exists
for the purpose of
putting out fires. But
putting out fires is not
all it does. When
some crowded tenement-house is wrapped
in flames, and women
mad with fear, men
blinded by smoke and scorched by fire, and
children, terrified by the awful element that
surrounds them, are penned in its small
rooms, work of a higher kind than merely
extinguishing flames is in order.

It is done, too. The firemen are the ones
who do it.

What nobler deed is there than rescuing a
fellow-being from impending death? None.
But even this noble charity becomes still
more noble when one human being saves
another from the threatening flames at the
risk of his own life.

In every fire company in this great city
there are heroes. When the opportunity
comes it finds the needed man. Some fine,
strong, fearless fellow, whose worth has pos-
sibly never been realized or known, is
brought forward by the hour of peril.

Deeds like these can only be rewarded
by a payment in kind. Money does not
buy them. Men are not hired as her-
oes. There are occupations, it is true, in
which the exposure of one's life is contained
in the line of duty to which a man engages
himself for a stipulated pecuniary reward.
The soldier, who shoulders his musket in time
of war; the life station man, who seats him-
self in the lifeboat to be pushed through the
surf to go to the relief of some stranded bark
which is pounding itself to pieces on an
ugly reef; the fireman, who has to bear his
hose to the flaming hell of conflagration
which is devouring some building—all these
are engaged professionally in employments
over which Death keeps close guard. They
are paid to acquit themselves of duty which
may cost them their lives.

Mr. Boyer has lots of reminiscences of the
war days and the most of them are of the
most distinguished Generals of the
day pass under his hand while at the
Fifth Avenue Hotel. Among them were Gen.
Burnside, whose famous whiskers were often
dressed; Gen. Butler, who was not particu-
lar about style so long as he got a close shave;
"Little Mac"; Sheridan, whose whiskers he
took off for the first time when on the way
to open the campaign in the Southwest, and
Gen. Warren. The late Gov. Hoffman came
to him daily for a shave.

He has had ample opportunity of familiar-
izing himself with the idiosyncrasies of his
patrons, and, being of an observant turn
of mind, has not failed to notice their pecu-
liarities.

Manager J. M. Hill, for example, always
likes a very close shave, with a hot towel
around his head, and now prides himself on
the distinguished air which the increasing
gray hairs in his whiskers give him.

Tony Foster comes to get a shave every
day, and particularly enjoys having his head
rubbed and his black mustache waxed out
finely. This peculiarity is also characteristic
of Conductor Patrick N. Gilmore, who, in
addition, likes nothing better than a regular
bay-rum bath for his head and face.

Sheridan Shook he usually shaves in his
room, while the distinguished manager and
statesman reads his paper and takes occa-
sional puffs at a fragrant Havana as the op-
eration proceeds.

Manager Collier is a cold-water fender,
and insists upon being "soaked in the neck,"
as he expresses it, with a wet towel, an op-
eration which is said to be a great thing for
the complexion.

Maurice Barrymore often used to come in
just before the curtain went up and shave
himself in the back room on time, and his
reckless use of lathe, with which he covered
himself up to his eyes, was the most synon-
ym for a dry shampoo, that are administered by
him and his staff every morning is too great
to attempt to record.

Only a Certain Kind of Feathers.
[From Harper's Bazar.]

Irate Customer (to shop-
keeper)—You told me dis
beddicking up told fedders,
an' brass Moss!
every single fedder dose
cum right into, an' I's
fetched it back to you!

Shopkeeper—Now, mein
frunt, dis fedder dose cum
dovasting in my store.
Ves I told you dem goods
would told fedders, I
meant dis told wing
fedders, ain't dot you
must be a fool if you
don't understand dot.

Beyond All Previous Records.
[From the World of This Morning.]

Yesterday marked another epoch in the
steady progression of THE WORLD. It is
something for a newspaper to print the largest
number of advertisements ever contained in a
single issue since GUTTENBERG invented the
art of printing from movable blocks.
That was in the year 1460. Yesterday's
World contained 5,996 advertisements, break-
ing the record of the centuries. This is an event
which calls for congratulation and celebra-
tion. We point to it with pride.

The Jury Probably Thought He Did Right.
[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

KANSAS CITY, April 22.—Charles Treadwell, the
Kansas cattle king, who shot and killed George
Clarke, the man who broke up his family, in a
fight at Anthony, Kan., some months ago, was
found not guilty of murder by a jury at that place
yesterday. The two had been partners for
years, and Treadwell's worth \$1,000,000 and owns
several large ranches.

ALERT IN LABOR'S CAUSE.

THE CENTRAL BODY'S WATCHFUL CARE OF
ITS MEMBERS' INTERESTS.

Taking Action Concerning the Admission of
the Italian Marble-Workers—The Bureau of
Labor Statistics a Great Benefit to
the People—The Prevention of Female
Operatives in Factories.

The Central Labor Union was a very busy
body yesterday, all the delegates being present.
The brewers' troubles occupied most of the
session, but other matters were acted upon.

In accordance with the resolutions of the
Building Trades' Section, noted in Saturday's
EVENING WORLD, the Central Union dis-
cussed the admission of eighteen Italian
marble workers by Collector Magone, after it
had been shown by counsel for the labor
unions that the foreigners had been engaged
by a Boston firm under a contract, the terms
of which require them to pay back to their
employers 300 francs each.

It was, therefore, said that the Collector
erred in admitting them, and the Corre-
sponding Secretary was instructed to send
copies of the resolutions to the Secretary of
the Treasury.

The fate of the Legislature to make an
appropriation for the Bureau of Labor Statis-
tics was discussed. Resolutions were
adopted declaring the Bureau a great benefit
to the public and asking the Legislature to
provide for its maintenance. Unless an ap-
propriation is made the Bureau will have to
cease operations until next October, accord-
ing to a statement made by delegates.

A complaint having been made that mem-
bers of the Amalgamated Carpenters' Union
were working in Mertz & Son's shop, against
which a boycott was ordered, the Grievance
Committee was instructed to inquire into the
matter and request the withdrawal of the
union men from the shop.

It having been reported that Vogel Brothers
employed "scabs" in their furniture manu-
facture, the Arbitration Committee was in-
structed to inquire into the matter.

All organizations will be requested to
patronize only those truck drivers and ice
and coal peddlers who carry union labels.

The Arbitration Committee will endeavor
to get the proprietor of Leggett's Hotel to
make it a union establishment, all efforts of
address in the course of which he advised
resolutions requesting that the officers of the
law take measures to extend greater pro-
tection to the female operatives in factories
and shops.

Joseph Buchanan, a prominent leader
in the labor movement in the West and well
known as an opponent of the present regime
of the Knights of Labor, made a short ad-
dress, in the course of which he expressed
greater interest in political affairs and a re-
solute to the ballot-box to right the wrongs of
the laboring class.

Selected speakers said this morning, in
reference to this action of the Central Labor
Union, that he had decided, after a careful
consideration of the report of the Commis-
sioners of Emigration, who reported that
the worst evidence, in fact, the immigrants
referred to did not come under the ban of the
prohibitory law.

He can act only when his official inter-
ference is requested by the Commissioners. In
this case his attention was called to the mat-
ter of the landing of these Italian marble
cutters, and he communicated with the Com-
missioners of Emigration, who reported that
the worst evidence, in fact, the immigrants
referred to did not come under the ban of the
prohibitory law.

The Collector, he said, can only decide a
question of imported contract labor on the
evidence, not on his conjecture as to the true
state of the case.

THE BREWERS' POOL.

Now or Never Should the Workers Stand
Shoulder to Shoulder.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

I have lived in many lands during my life-
time, but never have I been so struck with
astonishment as to see with what persistent
efforts many capitalists of different enter-
prises in this country ever and anon endeavor
to break their existing union labor ranks.

The brewers' pool has been a long time
boiling, and at last has bubbled over in a most
barbaric manner. Now or never should the
workmen of the unions, and others as well,
stand shoulder to shoulder, and decide to
blow can always be struck at that Hydra,
Cruisism, when endeavoring to lap up as much
of humble labor's vitality as it can dare with
impunity. The true and tried advice should
be to "blow it out of the water."

Since my advent to the States I have made
the labor question my study and have failed
to find that the laborer has been in any one
instance overpaid for his day's work. The
contrary is invariably the case. Very inade-
quate remuneration for work done, seems, in
too many instances, to be quite common here.

Mr. Editor, your "go-ahead" little paper,
since it came into existence, has posed as the
humble worker's champion. Well, worthily
and ably has it advocated their cause. May
it long continue to do so. I trust it will not
be behindhand in letting the public know,
through the columns of its influential pages,
the names of the members of the "pool,"
who are attempting the ruin of the
slave driver," as thousands of mechanics,
laborers and men of lighter avocations will
be on the qui vive to ascertain.

When endeavoring the ruin of the
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